

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications for this paper should be accompanied by the name of the author, not necessarily for publication, but as an evidence of good faith on the part of the writer. Write only on one side of the paper. Be particularly careful in giving names and dates, to have the letters and figures plain and distinct.

THE LITTLE FOLKS.

The Trio.
Nannie Clover! Nannie Clover!
Mind the loaf to turn it over,
Don't be careless, Billy, don't!
You can sing well, but you won't,
Don't keep time with all your feet;
Sister, mind! when you repeat,
Ready now! and let the ring,
One-two—three—sing!

"Mary had a little lamb,
Mary had a little lamb,
Mary had a little lamb,
His fleece was white as snow,
And everywhere that Mary went,
And everywhere that Mary went,
And everywhere that Mary went,
The lamb was sure to go."

Still creature, what a bother!
Making eyes at one another,
Mind your notes, and look at me—
I'm the leader, don't you see?
Faster, Billy! Louder, Nani!
Wake the echoes if you can,
Let us make this trio ring—
One-two—three—sing!

"Bah! bah! black sheep,
Got any wool?
O yes! master,
Three bags full;
One for the master,
One for the dame,
And one for the little boy
That cries in the lane."

Sarah's Story.

Sarah's stories were wonderful things. To be sure, they are apt to be a little startling, and generally ended by scaring her listeners half out of their wits; but that only makes them more delightfully exciting.

By this time the children, getting a hint of the coming terror, began to crowd around, and Sarah began:

"Now, all you young uns must sit 'round here, and I'm going to tell a story." Nimpie and Anna were already occupying the only spare chairs. Rush sat on the wood-box, and the biggest Johnson girl on a keg, while the rest of the children squatted around on the floor, making a close semi-circle about Sarah. Sarah's virtue as a story-teller was in her face and manner. She was very black, with large rolling eyes, a very long face, a monstrous mouth, great white teeth, and long thin hands, which had an uncanny white look on the inside, as though the color were coming off.

Perhaps you don't think hands have much to do with story-telling, but they had with Sarah's. I can tell you.

Quietly her audience with threats of "claring 'em all out the house," she began in a low, solemn voice:

"One upon a time, way down in Ole Kentuck, there lived a man. He was a-w-f-u-l rich, and had heaps an' heaps o' nice things in his dark cellar. Bottles an' bottles o' wine, bar's an' bar's o' cider, an' lots an' lots o' hams, bar's an' bar's o' bacon, an' bins an' bins o' apples, an' jars an' jars o' sweetmeats, an' boxes an' boxes o' raisins, an' O! pile o' good things to eat, in that dark cellar."

Sarah paused to see the effect. Rush snatched his lips, and the eyes of the whole Johnson family rolled in ecstasy at the delightful picture.

"But he was a-w-f-u-l stingy! Not a speck of all these yer goodies would he give to a-n-y body. Lor' he al'us kep the key in his own pocket, an' if he wanted ham for dinner, he went down in that yer d-a-r-k cellar, an' cut a slice, nuff for hisself. An' if he wanted wine, he jes went down an' fetched a bottle, an' al'us locked the do' arter him, an' n-e-v-e-r giv Sam the fustest speck!"

"Who's dat?" asked one of the children.

"You shet up! I'll crack ye over the head, if ye don't shet outtin' up sich shins!" Sarah replied.

The interrupter shrunk behind his mother, and felt snubbed.

"Well, now," Sarah went on, rolling her eyes, "that ar Sam was a po' nigger—the only nigger the stingy man had; an' he was that stingy he never half fed him no way. He giv him a little corn-meal for hoe cakes, an' onet in a g-r-e-a-t while a little teeny bit ut a thin slice o' bacon. So Sam got thinner an' thinner, till he was near a shadder, an' his fingers were l-o-n-g an' b-o-n-y."

And Sarah held up her hand and clawed them in the air, till the children could almost see Sam and his bony hands.

"Well, one day this bad man had to go 'way off to the big city, an' he hadn't got nobody to leave in the house but jes Sam. So he done measured out jes so much corn-meal, an' he said: 'Now Sam, I shall be gone away three days, an' that'll have to last ye till I get back. I'll warrant ye'd like to jes eat it every scrap the fust day, an' ax fur mo'—it's jes like ye—but not a spoon do you get till I come back, fur I've locked every thing up. An' if I find anything out o' order when I come back, I'll—I'll—wallop you; see if I don't!'"

"With that ar d-r-e-f-u-l threat, the cruel Mah'r went off, an' left Sam all alone. Well, Sam went to clarin' up the house, an' when he went to hang up his Mah'r's everyday cloze,—fur in course he wore his Sunday ones to go to town,—he hars somethin' hit agin the wall, an' he thought to hisself: 'I'll see what that ar is. Mebbey Mah'r's done leff a penny in his pocket. Oh, golly! won't I buy a bun!' An' he put his hand in the pocket, an' what do you s'pose he found?"

THE CELLAR KEY !!!

Sarah, looking wildly at her listeners, said these thrilling words in an awful whisper, with a roll of the eyes, and a dropping of the jaw, that made it still more horrible.

"Oh, Lor'! here's the key!" said Sam to hisself; "what s-h-a-l-l I do? An' then he thought awhile. But sakes! chillen, 'pears like the Debil is al'us waitin' fur chances, an' so he popped into Sam's head to jes go an' look at the good things. 'I won't touch any bit,' said Sam, 'fur Ole Mah'r's find out if one apple stem's gone,—but I'll look. That was the fust wrong step, chillen. Ye know how hard it is to defrain, if ye look at the things ye oughten ter. Well, this yer oververent nigger c-r-e-p-t down stairs an' unlocked the do', an' p-e-e-p-e-d in—trem'lin', fit to drop. He more spected to see Ole Mah'r behind a bar'l. But it was as s-t-i-l-l as the grave, so he c-r-e-p-t in. There hung the l-o-n-g rows o' hams,—so juicy an' sweet; and Sam went up an' thought to hisself, 'Now, I'll jes smell of one.' So he smelled of it, an' it was

so nice seems like he couldn't help jes touch it with his finger an' clap his finger in his mouf, an' then he did it agin. Ye know, chillen, how the ole Debil stan's side o' ye an' helps ye on. Arter Sam had tasted onet or twice, he seen a t-e-e-n-y bit of ham, way off in fur corner, an' he said to hisself, 'I don't b'lieve Ole Mah'r's 'll ever miss that ar one,—taint much 'count no way.' An', chillen, he was that hungry he couldn't help it, I do b'lieve. He snatched that ham, an' eat an' eat till he couldn't stuff another moufful, an' he hid the rest behind a bar'l. Then he went on an' went on till he come to the apples—bins an' bins o' b-e-a-u-t-i-f-u-l red apples! And he smelt 'em, an' then he eat an' eat an' eat till he couldn't stuff another moufful. Then he went on an' went on till he came to the shelf o' sweetmeats, an' he looked at 'em an' smelt 'em, and finally he snatched a jar, tore off the cover, an' eat an' eat an' eat till he couldn't stuff another moufful.

"An' then he couldn't eat any more, sure nuff, an' he went out an' locked the do'. But he never had sommuch to eat in his life, an' 'pears like he was stuffed so full he sort o' lost his reasons. He went out an' laid down on a bench in the sun, an' he said to hisself, 'Lor'! ain't it nice to have nuff to eat fur onet; there's poor Jim, I don't s'pose he ever had nuff in his life.' An' then a w-e-y-wicked idea come into his head. So, byem by he got up an' went over to Jim's—he lived next do'—an' he told him to fetch Sally. Sally was a house gal, a likely wench, an' Sam liked her. An' then he went to Tom's and told him to come too; and finally, chillen, he 'vited quite a 'spectable company. Then he went home, an' he went into the woodshed an' fetched in big sticks o' wood, and he made up a moss-won-derful fire, an' swept out the big kitchen clean an' nice, tho' he wasn't extra neat now. Sam wasn't. 'Bout ten o'clock his company gan to come, the ladies all dressed up fine in some of their Missis' things—low neck an' short sleeves, an' ribbons an' white gloves. O, go 'way! yer don't see no sich things up har! An' the gemmen! Lor', chillen, if ye could see the fine long-tailed blue coats, with buttons shinin' like margolds, ye'd laff fit to spit yer sides."

"Arter the company was all there, an' talked a little 'bout the weather an' sich topics o' conversation, he axed 'em, 'Wouldn't they like a little refreshment?' They was very polite, an' said, 'No, thank ye, an' I'd rather be 'xused.' But he went to the cellar, an' he took out g-r-e-a-t plates o' apples an' g-r-e-a-t pitchers o' cider, an' Tom helped him; an' they fetched out Ole Mah'r's tumblers, and he filled 'em all up; an' he fetched out a w-h-e-l-jar o' sweetmeats, an' a g-r-e-a-t dish o' honey, an' pickles,—oh, Lor'! such heaps o' things! An' all the time Sam said, so polite, 'Ladies an' gemmen, hep you'self, there's mo' in Mah'r's cellar!'"

"An' they did hep themselves, an' they eat an' eat an' eat till they could n't stuff another moufful. An' while they was all stufin', an' Sam was gwine round with a bottle o' wine in each hand, sayin' so polite, 'Ladies and gemmen, hep you'self, there's mo' in Mah'r's cellar,' he happened to look up!

"THERE WAS HIS MAH'R !!!" As Sarah said this she gave a horrible yell, and sprang forward, clutching in the air, as though to seize them; and her spell-bound listeners screamed, and some of them fell over backward. Delighted with the effect of her tragedy, she waited till they gathered themselves up, with awe-struck faces, to listen to the end.

She lowered her voice to a ghostly whisper.

"The Mah'r's sprang to get Sam, but Sam let out a screech nuff to raise the dead, an' clared out thro' the do' 's' tho' the Debil was arter him. The rest of the company slunk out 'thout axin' to be 'xused an' was in bed every soul o' 'em in two minutes, an' snorin' fit to raise the roof. Sam's mah'r run till he got done tired out, an' then he dragged hisself home."

Sarah stopped. After waiting a few minutes, Rush asked, in a scared sort of a voice, what became of Sam.

Sarah rolled her eyes, shook her head, dropped her jaw, and said slowly: "He n-e-v-e-r was heard of agin."

"Run away?" suggested Rush.

"S'pose so. Mebbey up Norf this very day, I'll know." And Sarah turned to her work.—From "Nimpie's Troubles," by Olive Thorne, in St. Nicholas for March.

The Reason Why.

Little May lives near our creek, and often she comes down to the meadow to talk with her big brother, when he's at work. He's a very knowing man, I can tell you, for the reason that he keeps his eyes and ears open when he's out of doors, and when he is indoors, he fills all his odd moments with reading.

Well, May came crying to him, the other day, to tell him how she had broken her mother's beautiful china vase. The vase was very cold, and May poured hot water into it. The poor child could not see how so simple a thing should have broken the delicate china into pieces. He tried to explain to her how all the tiny particles of the china had drawn closer together with the cold, while, if the vase had been standing by the fire they would have moved a little bit further apart from each other; for cold contracts, while heat expands. (This you littlest folks will read about in your Natural Philosophy, sometime.) Now I being a Jack-in-the-Pulpit, could see that the vase was ever so little smaller by standing in the cold, and that pouring in the hot water would make it expand too quickly, or cause unequal expansion by the boiling water expanding the inner surface before the outside had caught the idea, thus causing it to break. But May, being only a little girl, did not have eyes sharp enough to see this, though they are as bright as bright can be; the difference in the size of the vase in the cold or in the heat is so very, very small! But she will remember not to pour hot water into cold china or glass, unless (now this is the great secret the big brother told to little May) she first puts into the vase, or whatever it may be, a silver spoon. The metal, he said, draws the first shock of the heat

or cold to itself, and thus the glass will not be broken. Was he right?—From "Jack-in-the-Pulpit," in St. Nicholas for March.

A Dignified Man and a Pestoffice Clerk.

The human heart, in all its expansive, limitless capacity for enjoyment, takes greater pleasure in nothing more than witnessing a portly, solemn-visaged man, the embodiment of natural dignity, importance in clothes, administer a scathing rebuke to some "smart" petty official. This morning just such a personification of innate dignity loomed up at the stamp window of the post office, and glared in gloomy and majestic displeasure at the busy clerk registering a letter before he sprang to the window and asked the stately customer what he wished. The great man did not answer for several moments. He gazed steadily and impressively over the clerk's head, and then asked, in ponderous tones:

"Is there any one hear-r-r—who at-tends to business?"

The embarrassed clerk blushed, faltered for a moment, then, recovering himself, said, with characteristic and national cheerfulness, becoming an official of the Republic:

"I will see, sir."

And he disappeared. He went into the other departments, tortured a carrier with an original conundrum, and heard a good story in the mailing-room, and then came back.

"Yes, sir," he replied to the great one, "there are, in addition to myself, three clerks in the letter department, one in the mailing-room, four carriers, three route agents, the mail-driver, and a janitor."

"Ah-h-h! I am glad there are so many. I may in all that number find one who is at his post."

And then he looked as impressive as a specialist, and was silent for some minutes, while the impassive clerk awaited his orders, and impatient men behind him fidgeted and grumbled. Finally the great man said, with deep solemnity:

"I wish one three-cent stamp."

The clerk tore off the stamp and held it, waiting for the consideration. The great man made a somewhat longer pause than usual, he felt in his various vest pockets, he gradually lost his look of impressive rebuke, his chest caved in, and he assumed the aspect of an ordinary frail mortal, and he said:

"Ah—the fact is—I'm sure—ah—in short, I find that I have carelessly left my purse at home—can you kindly—"

The impassive clerk, with the faintest suggestion of triumph in his eye, waved the great man aside with:

"Sorry for you, sir, but the clerk who sells on credit is not in. What does the next man want?"

And we felt so good to see how that clerk was taken down by the dignified man that we went away and laughed for a week.—*Peoria Review.*

The Mouth.

The mouth is the frankest part of the face. It can the least conceal the feelings. We can neither hide ill-temper with it nor good. We may affect what we please, but affections will not help us. In a wrong cause it will only make our observers resent the endeavor to impose upon them. A mouth should be of good natural dimensions, as well as plump in the lips. When the ancients, among their beauties, made mention of small mouths and lips, they meant small only as opposed to an excess the other way, a fault very common in the South. The sayings in favor of small mouths, which have been the ruin of so many pretty looks, are very absurd. If there must be an excess either way, it had better be the liberal one. A pretty pursed-up mouth is fit for nothing but to be left to its complacency. Large mouths are oftener found in union with generous dispositions than very small ones. Beauty should have neither, but a reasonable look of openness and delicacy. It has an elegance in lips, when, instead of making sharp angles at the corner of the mouth, they retain a certain breadth to the very verge, and show the red. The corner then looks painted with a free and liberal pencil.

A Lying Witness.

Jim Heverin tells a good story at the expense of a lawyer somewhat famous for his proverbial resort to an alibi as a legal defense. Jim says that at a recent trial his legal friend had things pretty well set up, and the defendant was as cheerful as a babe when Heverin took the principal in hand for cross-examination, with the following result:

"You say that Ellis plowed for you all day on the twenty-ninth of November?"

Witness (referring to his book)—"Yes."

"What did he do on the 30th?"

"W.—"He chopped wood."

"On the 31st?"

W.—"That was Sunday, and we went a-squirrel-huntin'."

"What did he do on the 32d?"

"W.—It was raining, and he shaved out some handles."

"What did he do on the 34th?"

W.—"He chopped wood."

"What did he do on the 35th?"

W.—"That was Sunday, and we went a-squirrel-huntin'."

But before the question could be finished the wife of the witness seized him by the collar and whisked him outside of the witness box, yelling in his frightened ear:

"You old fool! don't you know that there are only thirty-one days in the month of November?"—*Exchange.*

A Grandmother of Four Sets of Twins.

Mrs. Sallie Taylor, in Westtown township, Chester county, Pennsylvania, is the grandmother of eight twin grandchildren, which fact we regard as rather remarkable. These four sets of twins are divided among her children as follows: Elizabeth Williams, wife of Gideon Williams, in Birmingham township, is the proud mother of two sets, the first being girls, the second boys, Jane, wife of Washington Yearley, residing in Westtown township, has one set of spanking boys; and the other and last pair (a boy and a girl) belong to and back in the happy smiles of Mrs. Stephen Taylor, of West Chester. If there is any of our exchanges that can show us a grandmother so well favored with grandchildren as Mrs. Sallie Taylor, of Westtown, we shall be very happy to hear from them.

Consumption of Timber.

Estimating the railways of the United States as equal, including sidings, double track, etc., to 60,000 miles of single track, the aggregate number of ties would be 150,000,000, at the rate of 2,500 to the mile. This, says a recent circular of the lumbermen of Pennsylvania, requires the timber from twelve and a half acres of well-timbered lands to furnish, because the average of trees from which railroad ties can be cut will not exceed forty to the acre, nor can there be cut more than five ties from each of these forty trees. The average life of a railroad tie is said to be about five years—consequently, 30,000,000 are requisite for repairs annually, and to furnish this amount will consume 2,500,000 acres of best timber land. In addition to this vast area, about 500,000 acres are required annually to supply ties for the new roads which are being constructed each year.

The circular referred to has been sent to lumber dealers and consumers through the State, calling attention to the condition of the lumber interests. It appears from this that the amount of pine lumber annually cut on the Susquehanna river and its tributaries exceeds 500,000,000 feet. Should this amount be cut for the next five years it would amount to 2,500,000,000 feet. A careful estimate has been made of the area of timber land, and the average yield of lumber per acre, and the alarming conclusion is reached that three years' stocking at the present rate of 500,000,000 feet per year would entirely exhaust all the pine lumber now standing. These statements are made after very careful estimates, and with the endorsement of the most experienced lumbermen in the State.

Queen Victoria's Grief.

The London correspondent of the New York Sun describes some of the extraordinary manifestations of the Queen's grief at the death of Prince Albert, as follows: "She had the arm of the late Prince modeled in wax and clothed and would pass hours sitting with it drawn through her arms, absorbed in melancholy reflections, recalling the past. The apartments of the deceased were kept in precisely the same order as that observed during his lifetime; his slippers and dressing gown regularly aired; his clothes, boots and toilet apparatus placed as though he might come back at any moment to claim them. She slept (and sleeps) with his portrait pinned on the bedhead and framed with immortelles beside her. Her letter paper and envelopes were so deeply bordered with black that the white space resembled a mere patch on a sable ground. Lastly, she kept all her servants in the completest mourning for a long, long time after he got married and set up for himself at Marlboro' House, to do the same, which the young man flatly refused to do and left Windsor in a huff, not returning for a considerable period. This was the beginning of frequent quarrels between them, up to the time of his dangerous illness and convalescence in 1871, which effected a reconciliation."

A Novel Cure For Rheumatism.

An Englishman with rheumatic gout found this singular remedy a cure for his ailment: He insulated his bedstead from the floor, by placing underneath each post a broken-off bottom of a glass bottle. He says the effect was magical, that he had not been free from rheumatic gout for 15 years, and that he began to improve immediately after the application of the insulators. We are reminded by this statement, says the *Scientific American*, of a patent obtained through this office for a physician some twelve or more years ago, which created considerable interest at the time. The patent consisted in placing glass cups under the bed-posts in a similar manner to the above, and the patentee claimed to have effected some remarkable cures by the use of his glass insulators.

Clothing for Neck.

The good sense of the following is apparent, and it comes to us from high authority:

The clothing about the neck should be very moderate in quantity, and so loose as to prevent the slightest compression. The great errors frequently committed in wearing such an amount as to overhear and weaken the throat, and thus render it easily susceptible to cold, or in wearing it so tight as to retard the circulation of the blood to and from the head. Great care should be exercised upon this point, as the arteries and veins leading from the heart to the brain are situated near the surface in the neck that a slight compression there serves to check the flow of the blood.

Many cases of congestion of the brain and headache are partially or wholly caused by too tight collars and cravats.

Commercial Failures.

The number of failures in 1873 in the United States was 5,183, of which 644 were in New York City. The aggregate amount of liabilities of the failing firms and individuals, according to estimate, was \$228,443,000, of which New York City's part, increased by failures of banking firms, &c., was \$92,635,000. The aggregate of liabilities involved in failures for four years past is shown as follows, distinguishing those of New York City from those elsewhere in the United States:

Year	In New York City.	In remainder of U. States.	Total.
1870	\$20,573,000	\$67,660,000	\$88,233,000
1871	26,540,000	64,510,000	91,050,000
1872	20,664,000	100,372,000	121,036,000
1873	92,635,000	135,804,000	228,439,000

Tough Feet.

Grace Greenwood, in a letter from Colorado, describes a typical "poor white" family of Missouri, careless, shiftless, and intolerably lazy, the daughters of which were accustomed to go barefoot till the soles of their feet became as hard as horn, and then tells this story:

"One of these young ladies, on coming home one day from a long tramp in the rain after the cows, was standing on the hearth drying her clothes, when her old mother drawled, 'Sal, thar's a live—coal—under—yer—foot.' The girl slightly turned her head, and drawled back, 'Which—foot, mammy?'"

Napoleon and Josephine.

A lady correspondent discusses in the February *Lippincott* the relations of Josephine and Napoleon. She thinks that Josephine will be immortal in the hearts of women by the triple appeal of moral excellence, intense suffering, and heroic submission to her fate. She married Bonaparte in 1796, being then thirty-three years old and he twenty-seven. The marriage was a fortunate one for him, as his own words testify. "The circumstance of my marriage with Madame de Beauharnais," he says, "placed me on a proper footing with the party necessary to my plan of fusion, one of the first principles of my administration. Without my wife I should never have established any natural relation with that class." Another declaration of his agrees perfectly with this idea: "I win only battles—Josephine wins me all hearts."

It was a proud boast of Josephine that she never kept any one waiting half a minute where punctuality depended upon herself; but this quality of refined breeding was signally wanting in Napoleon. When the established hour for dinner at Malmaison was six o'clock, and, though etiquette forbade anyone to approach the table before the announcement of the head of the house, he often failed to appear before seven, eight, or even ten o'clock. A chicken or some other article was placed on the spit every fifteen minutes, by order of the cook, who knew well the habits of the Emperor. The table manners of Napoleon may have been those of the hero; they were certainly anything but those of the gentleman. He completed the process of cramming—it could scarcely be called eating—in six or seven minutes as a rule. Ignoring the use of knives and forks as regarded his own plate, he did not stop there, but "helped himself with his fingers from the dishes nearest him, and dipped his bread in the gravy." Knowing the time necessary for the Emperor to dine, the shrewd ones took care to dine in advance. Josephine once confessed that at the dinner table, much to the amusement of the Emperor, she would always quitted the table with Napoleon, but, with her never-failing consideration for the comfort of others, she commanded the rest, by a gesture, as she rose, to remain.

To Imitate an Echo.

The ear is about as easily deceived as the eye, and one by a little practice can so change his voice as to make it appear as if proceeding from some distant object. To perform in the general line of ventriloquism, a large room is best, but for producing echoes a small one will do.

To produce a mountain echo turn your back to the listeners; whistle loud several short, quick notes, just as if you were whistling to a dog; then as quick as possible after the last note, and as softly and subdued as possible to be heard, whistle about a third the number of notes, but it must be in the same note or pitch; this will cause the last whistle to appear just like an echo at a great distance. This imitation, if well performed, causes much surprise to those listening.

The same thing can be done by shouting any sentence, such as "Hallo, you, there!" "Ship ahoy!" Let your voice be formed close to the lips; then quickly, in the same pitch or tone, speak the same words very subdued, and formed at the back of the mouth. This is very simple, yet effective.

Measuring Lightning.

An article in a recent number of *Old and New* tells us how wise men measure a flash of lightning, but the process is hard to describe and would take too long. Suffice it to say that the length of a flash of lightning is generally greatly underestimated.

The largest known was measured by M. F. Petit, at Toulouse. The flash was ten and a half miles long. Arago once measured a series, which averaged from seven to eight miles in length. The longest interval ever remarked between a dash and the report was seventy-two seconds, which would correspond with a distance of fourteen miles. Direct researches have shown that a storm is seldom heard at a greater distance than ten miles, and generally no more than five miles. This seems strange, since the report of cannon can be heard fifteen and sometimes twenty miles.

The Aunt.

An aunt is not to be found on every bush. The ignorant may perhaps suppose that the quality of auntiness inheres in every sister of a parent. In form, possibly; but in substance, not necessarily by any means. An aunt is a being who can only exist for children. Grown persons cannot (unless they are childlike) have real aunts. For those who can, the aunt is a delightful personage who has all the merits of a mother, but in a more exalted degree, and none of those defects of harshness, discipline, infliction, peremptoriness, and the like, that so often and sadly mar the natural sweetness of the filio-parental relation. The aunt, you see, can permit, but cannot forbid. She is a beatified mother. And any person claiming to be an aunt, and failing short of these attainments, is an impostor.—*Old and New.*

ENDURING.—It is said that in the salt mines of Hungary and Poland the galleries are supported by wooden pillars, which last unimpaired for ages, in consequence of their having been impregnated with the salt. Pillars of brick and stone, used for the same purpose, crumble away in a short time by the decay of their mortar. It is also found that wooden piles driven into the mud of salt marshes last for an unlimited time, and the practice of docking timber by immersing it for some time in sea water after it has been seasoned is generally admitted to make the timber more durable. External causes of decay, such as dampness, may be made insuperable by the painting of the wood, but dry rot takes place irrespective of the presence of paint, and seems to be due more to heat than dampness. Possibly salt might be so used as to preserve wood from dry rot, while paint would protect it from atmospheric causes.

EMBROIDERING ivy leaves is the latest, and very handsome it is.

JOHNNY'S OPINION OF GRANDMOTHERS.

Grandmothers are very nice folks— They beat all the aunts in creation; They let a chap do as he likes, And don't worry about education.

I'm sure I can't see it at all, What a poor fellow ever could do For apples and pennies, and cakes, Without a grandmother or two.

Grandmothers speak softly to "mas" To let a boy have a good time, Sometimes they will whisper 'tis true, "Tother way, when a boy wants to climb.

And if he is bad now and then, And makes a great racketing noise, They only look over their space, And say, "Ah, those boys will be boys!"

"Life is only short at the best, Let the children be happy to-day." Then they look for awhile at the sky, And the hills that are far, far away.

Quite often, as twilight comes on, Grandmothers sing hymns very low To themselves as they rock by the fire, About heaven, and when they shall go.

And then, a boy stopping to think Will find a hot tear in his eye, To know what will come at the last— For grandmothers all have to die.

I wish they could stay here and pray, For a boy needs their prayers every night; Some boys more than others, I s'pose, Such as I need a wonderful sight.

Pith and Point.

STRANGE bed-clothes—Three sheets in the wind.

A BOARDING ESTABLISHMENT.—A carpenter's shop.

SOMETHING likely to end in smoke—The report of a gun.

CANTINE.—A doctor calls his dog Chinchona on account of the bitterness of his bark.

AN ATTESTED FACT.—A man who would try to stab a ghost would stick at nothing.

A